He needs no indirect nor lawfull course,
To cut off those that haue offended him.
1. Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant spring, braue *Plantagenet*,
The Princly Nouice was strooke dead by thee.
Cla. My brothers loue, the Deuill, and my rage,
1. Thy brothers loue, the Deuill, and thy fault,
Haue brought vs hither now to murder thee.
Cla. Oh, if you loue my brother hate not me,
I am his brother and I loue him well:
If you be hirde for neede goe backe againe,
And I will send you to my brother *Gloucester*,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then *Edward* will for tydings of my death.
2. You are deceiued your brother *Gloucester* hates you.
Cla. Oh no, he loues mee and he holds me deare,
Go you to him from me.
Am. I so we will.
Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely father *Yorke*,
Blest his three sonnes with his victorious arme:
And charge vs from his soule to loue each other,
He little thought of this diuided friendship.
Bid *Gloucester* thinke on this and hee will weepe,
Am. I milstones, as he lessoned vs to weepe,
Cla. O, doe not slaunder him for he is kind.
1. Right as snow in harueft, thou deceiuest thy selfe,
Tis hee that sent vs hither now to murder thee.
Cla. It cannot be: for when I parted with him
He hugd me in his armes, and swore with sobs
That he would labour my deliuery.
2. Why so he doth, now he deliuers thee
From this worlds thrauldome: to the ioyes of heauen,
1. make peace with God, for you must die my Lord.
Cla. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soule,
To counsell mee to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy owne soule so blind,
That thou wilt war with God, for murdring me?
Ah sirs consider he that set you on
To doe this deede, will hate you for this deede,

2. What shall we doe?
Cla. Relent, and saue your soules.
1. Relent, tis cowardly, and wom
Cla. Not to relent, is beastly, saua
My friends I spie some pitty in you
Oh if thy eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou one my side and intreet
A begging Prince what beggar pit
1. I thus, and thus: if this will no
Ile chop thee in the malmesey But i
2. *A* bloody deed and desperatly
How faine would I like *Pilate* was
Of this most grieuous guilty murd
1. Why doest thou not helpe m
By heauen the Duke shall know ho
2. I would he knew that I had sau
Take thou the fee and tell him wha
For I repent me that the Duke is s
1. So do not I, goe coward as t
Now must I hide his body in some
Vntill the Duke take order for his b
And when I haue my meed I must
For this will out, and here I must n
Enter King, Queene, Hast
King. So now I haue done a good
Your Peares continue the vnited le
I euery day expect an Embassage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme m
And now in peace my soule shall pa
Since I haue set my friends at peace
Riuers and Hasting, take each other
Disemble not your hatred, sweare
Ri. By heauen my heart is purg
And with my hand I seale my true
Hast. So thriue I as I sweare the
King. Take heede you dally not
Least he that is the supreame King
Confound your hidden falshood, a
Either of you to bee the others end.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.52)